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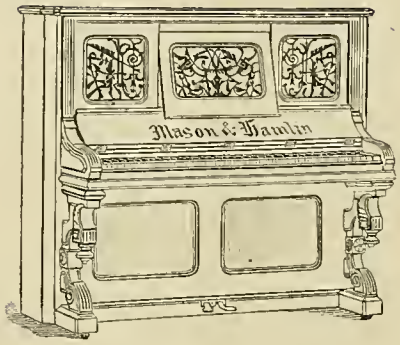

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. II. BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 25, 1890. No. 6

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

EDITORS:

EMILY I. MEADER, '91.
ESTHER BAILEY, '91. KATHERINE F. GLEASON, '91.
CORNELIA E. GREEN, '92. BLANCHE B. BAKER, '92.
CAROLINE FREAR, '93. SARAH S. HICKENLOOPER, '94.
BERTHA DEF. BRUSH, '93. AMY AUGUSTA WHITNEY, Sp.
CHARLOTTE F. ROBERTS, '80.

All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent, *in all cases*, to Esther Bailey, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS and other business communications should be addressed to Brown Bros., 43 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as Second-Class Matter.

OUR recent elections have served to show how strong is class feeling at Wellesley. Enthusiasm is not confined to class spirit, however, but manifests itself even more strongly in College and Society spirit. Of these three, although class feeling is strong, College spirit far surpasses the rest.

Class spirit certainly runs very high at certain times in Wellesley life. It is always present, and at times of general College celebration as Float Day and Tree Day, the strong undercurrent of class enthusiasm breaks forth. Society spirit does not have occasion to demonstrate itself publicly, but it is not therefore less forcible. Each member feels loyalty to her own Society to be one of the controlling elements of her college life. But neither class nor fraternity feeling at all lessens the strong abiding love for Alma Mater that fills a large corner in every Wellesley girl's heart. It has been said by those not connected with Wellesley, that the strong love for Wellesley borne by both Alumnæ and undergraduates distinguishes our College from many others. To our Alumnæ the Wellesley blue and the College motto are far dearer than Class color or flower. Love for Wellesley embraces all lesser College interests in the graduate's heart.

In considering which of these three phases of College enthusiasm should be most prominent, it is plain, first, that class spirit should have the least place. Class combinations are the result of chance. Students graduating from preparatory schools in the same year are members of the same class in College. They really have no more in common with each other than with any of the students in College all of whom have had the same training as they, with no other difference than that of a year or two's time. All college students must feel a common bond arising from common training, common aims, common interests and sympathies, and a common life for a period of four years. Mrs. Guild says our friendships and our ideals are what remain to us throughout our life as the result of our College experience. For these benefits, alumnæ will always hold their Alma Mater in loving remembrance.

Very closely connected with the College love and perhaps even rivalling in its importance Society spirit must be placed. To societies we are indebted for some of the most precious sements of Collegiate advantages. Our friendships and our ideals are closely associated with our Society. A society is made up of those who have common interests, aims, and capabilities in addition to the general characteristics common to all members of the College. The alumna looking back gratefully on her College course finds that the highest good she received was embodied by her Society.

Of these three phases of enthusiasm, then, College spirit should have preference, or perhaps Society spirit if it includes warm devotion to Alma

Mater. Class spirit should yield to the others, yet continuing strong enough to serve its purpose, to sustain the College honor through organization, to keep the course of each student at the best and firmest level.

At the recommendation of the Faculty, the Trustees have amended one of the statutes of the College, in regard to attendance at Chapel and Church services, so that, as it now reads, Chapel services on Sunday evening and Monday morning are not required.

By this change, two of the former eight required religious services a week are made optional, leaving six still required. Two voluntary services are certainly better than none.

To simplify the task of keeping the records of Chapel and church attendance, a change has been made in method of handing in excuses. Now all absences, for any reason whatsoever, are reported by excuses placed in a box near the General Office door. Students attending church in the village, by permission, state the fact on the excuse. Students whose absence from services is caused by absence from College specify the fact on the excuse. This applies to students in cottages who are away over Sunday, for such absences are no longer reported at the General Office by the heads of houses, as formerly. Keeping the record of attendance would be much simpler, if in addition to attending promptly to her excuses, each student would be particular to sit always in the row to which she is assigned.

There is very evident need of more plank walk in the meadow between Stone Hall and the lake. The path across the meadow is used constantly by the Waban girls, and often by a good many others who in taking their exercise, go across the meadow as a short cut to the road, especially if their walk lies in the direction of South Natick, as is frequently the case on account of the beauty of the road. But although it is so much used, the path is not kept in good condition. In rainy weather, the intervals between the portions of broad walk laid there, are little better than extended puddles of water. Even in dry weather the path, from the place where it joins the path around Stone Hall hill to the stile, if not essential, would at least be a decided advantage.

THE RECEPTION ROOM.

A Farce.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Robert Brown, of the Harvard Law School.
Mr. Richard Hastings, his friend.
Miss Clara Bell, an instructor at Wellesley College.
Miss Julia Bell, a Wellesley Freshman.
Two office girls.

ACT. 1. Scene 1.

Cambridge, a room in a boarding-house. Brown is discovered reading intently and surrounded by volumes bound in sheep-skin. A knock is heard on the door.

Brown, *impatiently*. Come in.

Enter, Hastings.

Hastings. Busy, eh? I say, Brown, you're getting to be the worst old dig in the town. You'll be a wegular fossil in short order if you don't bwace up and get some life about. Hold up, and tell a fellah what you've got on hand for this aftehnoon.

Brown, *without looking up from his book*, Blackstone.

Hastings. Humph, Blackstone indeed! A man ought to be tahhd and feathuhd that don't know moah than to read day and night and Satuhday besides. Catch me making a stick of myself for any prospective "cum laude" that was ever mounted. Well, tra la, I won't entehtain you any longah.

Brown. What do you want any, Hastings?

Hastings. O, its no mattah. I only thought you might be going out to Wellesley this afternoon.

Brown, *drops his book*. What the deuce made you think that?

Hastings. Ha ha! What's in a name?—needn't look so furious, old boy,—had no weason, I assuah you, for supposing such a thing. 'Twas an original idea of mine. I'm going out to call on a friend of mine. Bettah come along to show me the way.

Brown. Can't do it, Dicky! Wish I could!—like nothing better, but the fact is I've been there so much that I've decided I'd better stay away for awhile.

HASTINGS. Stayed away more than a week now, haven't you?

BROWN. O well, there's no good in my fooling around over there anyway.

HASTINGS. Something wrong? Course of true love doesn't run very smooth, eh?

BROWN. They say it doesn't.

HASTINGS. Awful sowy, old fellah, truly. That's why you have been reading so abominably hard lately, isn't it? I thought your turning bookworm was a new development. Anything I could do to help straighten mattahs out.

BROWN. Thanks, no. I suppose I might send some roses if you wouldn't mind taking them along. The trouble is, you see there's nothing to straighten out. You remember I told you once about Miss Bell,—Clara Bell,—whom I met at Chautauqua? Well, I never was so puzzled by a woman in my life. She's terribly reserved and cool, you know,—there's no telling whether she likes you or not. I used to think I really stood some chance, but now, since she has come to Wellesley, I guess she thinks she must be more dignified than ever, and I don't know what to make of her. It uses me all up, but I will tell you one can't help making an effort in that direction. She is bewitching when she wants to be.

HASTINGS. Thought you said she talked Goethe and Schiller all the time.

BROWN. Trifle inclined that way, I know. Everybody must have some fad, I suppose, but, Dicky, you should have seen her play tennis and heard her sing.

HASTINGS. Well, perhaps I shall have the pleasure latah. Aw, I say, you'd better go along with me afteh all.

BROWN. No. It's out of the question. But you'll find the roses waiting for you at Hopkins' when you go by. Hope 'twon't trouble you to take them.

HASTINGS. O no, I'll have a good time out of it. Talk to her about you, you know.

BROWN. Better go easy on that, but I'll tell you, old fellow, don't you suppose you can exert your ingenuity and find out whether she really cares a rap for me or not?

HASTINGS. Do my best, Judge. I'm off now. Hope you'll enjoy your Blackstone.

Exit.

BROWN. He's a comical old fellow. I'll warrant he'll forget the roses. It'll be a wonder if he remembers till after dinner.

Scene 2.

Wellesley, the College reception room. Hastings, looking very bewildered and helpless. Enter pretty office-girl with her second-best, pre-arranged smile.

OFFICE-GIRL. Is there something I can do for you?

HASTINGS. Yaas, if you please. I–er–I wish to see Miss Bell?

OFFICE-GIRL. Miss Bell? Which Miss Bell?

HASTINGS. Why, I–er–.

OFFICE-GIRL. Miss Julia Bell?

HASTINGS. Yaas, certainly, Miss Julia Bell—that is the name, I think. This is her first year here, I believe.

OFFICE-GIRL. Yes, a Freshman, that is Miss Julia Bell. If you will be seated, I will send your card to her and I presume she will be here in a very few minutes.

HASTINGS. Thanks awfully.

Exit office-girl. Hastings seats himself and studies the adornments of the reception room.

Re-enter office-girl.

OFFICE-GIRL. Miss Bell is out on the lake, but will be in in about half an hour. She will receive your card as soon as she goes to her room, so if you wait, I think she will surely be here by four o'clock.

HASTINGS. Thanks,—vewy kind, I'm suah. Do you know if Miss Mary Winters is in? I wanted to see her too.

OFFICE-GIRL. I will find out if she is at home.

HASTINGS. Vewy sowy to twouble you.

OFFICE-GIRL. O, 'tis no trouble at all.

HASTINGS. Mighty pretty girl that. Must think up some questions to ask her.

Enter second office-girl.

2ND OFFICE-GIRL. Has anyone taken your card.

HASTINGS. Thanks, yaas. (aside) This one is prettier than the last. O,—or perhaps you can tell me in which direction the lake is?

2ND OFFICE-GIRL. Certainly, it is off in this direction, south of the building.

HASTINGS. Yaas. And do the young ladies row much? I suppose you don't pay much attention to races?

2ND OFFICE-GIRL. O,no,we merely row for pleasure.

Re-enter 1st office-girl. Exit 2nd office-girl.

OFFICE-GIRL. I am sorry to say that Miss Winters is not at home.

HASTINGS. That's just my luck. Is there—aw—anything to see while one is waiting.

OFFICE-GIRL. Would you like to go over this building? There would be time to see the Browning Room and the library and—.

HASTINGS. O, thanks, I should be pleased, if it is not taking too much of your time.

OFFICE-GIRL. O no, that is what I am here for, you know.

Exit.

ACT II. Scene 1.

The reception room. Hastings discovered gazing intently at the Daniel Webster spoons. Miss Julia Bell enters and advances uncertainly.

MISS JULIA. Is this Mr. Hastings?

HASTINGS. Yaas, Miss Bell I presume. My chum, Mr. Brown, asked me to call upon you while I was here, Miss Bell.

MISS JULIA. O, is Mr. Brown your chum? Why, this is an unexpected pleasure.

HASTINGS. Yaas, he wanted to come out with me this afternoon but couldn't get away. He is working hard this year, you know.

MISS JULIA. Yes, I know. I am experiencing Freshman year myself, and I can sympathize.

HASTINGS. But—aw—yaas, of course. I was to bring this with his compliments, and to say how very sowy he was not to come.

MISS JULIA. O, how very kind! What exquisite roses! It is just like Mr. Brown to send them. Do you know, I think you are very fortunate in having such a chum. He is so interesting! We were all completely carried away with him at Blue Lake. He was a general favorite.

HASTINGS. Indeed? Was it at Blue Lake he met you? I was thinking he said Chantauqua.

MISS JULIA. No, at Blue Lake. We did have such a charming time there. It seems years ago now, though. I was thinking yesterday what an age it is since I have seen Mr. Brown and wishing he would take it into his head to come out to-day but—do you know, I am rather afraid of him after all.

HASTINGS. How vewy strange! He is not at all formidable, I assuah you. I should rather have said that he stands quite in awe of you, Miss Bell, although I am suah I don't see why he should.

MISS JULIA. Of me? How ridiculous! but you are making fun of me, Mr. Hastings.

HASTINGS. Indeed I am perfectly serious. I think he feared you did not quite approve of him.

MISS JULIA. O, what an idea! when we all considered him just about perfect. Of course he did get us into all sorts of scrapes, but he was so good-natured that no-one minded such things—except the old ladies—he shocked them terribly sometimes.

HASTINGS. You surpwise me! I cannot imagine the "Judge" in that light.

MISS JULIA. Why do you call him the Judge? How very odd! I never should have thought of that as an appropriate nick-name for him. (*Aside.*) That's the best joke I have heard in a month. How supremely ridiculous to call Jack Brown "the Judge."

HASTINGS. You seem very much amused, Miss Bell.

MISS JULIA. Yes, I was thinking what funny names boys do get for each other. Girls never seem to invent such odd nick-names for their friends.

HASTINGS. By the way, Miss Bell, do you know a Miss Mary Winters? I think she she must be in your class.

MISS JULIA. Why yes indeed, I know her intimately. Is she a friend of yours?

HASTINGS. Yaas, I expected to see her this afternoon but they tell me she is not at home.

MISS JULIA. Isn't that a pity? She is a lovely girl—and such a fine student. She is in several of my classes and we often get our lessons together.

HASTINGS. I believe you make quite a specialty of German, do you not? Or, at least, you are very fond of it.

MISS JULIA. No, I can't say that I am. I never studied it but the least little bit, and then I couldn't endure it. Greek is my favorite study. I just dote on Greek.

HASTINGS, *aside.* Put my foot into it that time. What a shocking memory I am getting to have! *Aloud.* Yaas, and is Miss Winters fond of Greek too?

MISS JULIA. O yes, she is the shining light in our

Greek division. I look on her as a perfect prodigy. She will be very sorry to have missed seeing you, Mr. Hastings, but I hope you are coming out often, now that you have found the way. We are always at liberty on Mondays, you know. And that makes me think of a fine scheme. Can't you come out on Monday evening! We are going to have a perfectly lovely concert, and then Miss Winters will be here surely.

HASTINGS. That would be delightful, I'm suah. I don't know but perhaps I could come then.

MISS JULIA. And don't you suppose Mr. Brown would come too? He could get away just for one evening, couldn't he?

HASTINGS. I think he would be charmed to come, if he were perfectly suah of his welcome, you know.

MISS JULIA. O, tell him I am very anxious to see him and he *must* come.

VOICE FROM WITHOUT. 'll aboard!

HASTINGS, *springing up*. I suppose that means I must take my leave.

MISS JULIA. I am awfully sorry you have to go so soon. I hope you will thank Mr. Brown for these lovely roses,—and it was so kind of you to bring them. You will tell him that the concert is going to be an unusually good one, will you not? and that he mustn't fail to come. And I will tell Miss Winters that you are coming, shall I.

HASTINGS. Thanks, I shall try to come. Please give my regards to Miss Winters when you see her. There, the coach is going—Good afternoon, Miss Bell.

Scene 2.

A smoking-car on a west-bound train. Hastings folds the time table he has been studying and takes out note-book, and pen.

HASTINGS. I can mail him a note when I reach Worcester and he'll get it to-morrow, or Monday morning at latest.

Writes.

ON TRAIN, SAT., P. M.

Dear Judge,

To adopt the words of my illustrious compatriot and fellow strategist, I have met the fair and she is ours. Had a very pleasant call,—not in the least chilly. She was greatly taken with the roses and seemed quite willing that you should form the principal topic of conversation. Its all in your imagination that she is so terribly reserved and dignified —I think she's quite the opposite. (Dignified, indeed! I should call her a re ular chatter-box. Brown must have a tremendous effect upon her to make her frigid as he talks about). You needn't have any doubt, old man, as to her feelings towards you—You wouldn't have if you could hear her go on about you and, "such an age" since she has seen you and "been hoping you would come" and all that sort of thing. She sends you a special invitation for Mon. night,—grand concert coming off, she says, and you "mustn't fail" to be there. So brace up and go ahead like a man—you'll be all right. Expect to be there myself to offer congratulations etc. She's a bright little woman and I'll give you my blessing—although she isn't just the kind I would have picked out for you. (Humph, stately and beautiful and calm he calls her—Well, you never can tell what strange ideas a fellah will get into his head when he's in love. Heaven preserve me from losing my senses like that).

I am going to spend Sunday in Worcester with my aunt. You'd better not read this till you've had your Sunday dinner, for fear you will spoil your complexion by turning green and blue in envy of me. Guess I will stay in W. till Mon. eve. See you at the concert if nothing turns up to prevent.

Sweet dreams, old fellow, and good luck to you,

Yours,

Hastings.

There, I hope that will improve his state of mind. Makes a fellah blue. though, to think of old Judge losing his heart to a girl like that. He deserves the top of the lot, Judge does—but it's no use to argue when a man's so far gone—get no thanks for your good advice. O, hum, well,—hope Aunt Flo. will have snow pudding for dinner to-morrow.

ACT. III. Scene 1.

The faculty parlor, dimly lighted. Enter Miss Clara Bell and Mr. Brown.

BROWN. Yes, of course there were several such things in the rendering that one might take exception to if critically inclined, but it has been an ideal concert to me, Miss Bell.

MISS BELL. Then you enjoyed the Bach suite? Are you especially interested in Bach, Mr. Brown?

They seat themselves in a corner.

BROWN. Oh, why—not especially. I am not enough of a musician to appreciate him as I would like—but I am afraid I listened very inattentively this evening, for I should not have remembered that there was any Bach on the program if you had not mentioned the fact.

MISS BELL. Ah! Perhaps you were studying human nature. Our Wellesley audience affords quite an interesting field in that line.

BROWN. Yes, I have always observed human nature in general with great interest but, of late, I have been finding human nature in particular so fascinating as to absorb all my attention.

MISS BELL. I some times find myself, even in the class-room, so intent upon tracing out some mental or physical peculiarity that I almost lose the trend of the recitation.

BROWN. You see you study them somewhat in the abstract. Now my interest is the deepest, most personal—(*he draws his chair nearer*). You must have seen, Miss Bell, that for a long time I have regarded you with no ordinary affection and that—

MISS BELL. Mr. Brown,—you greatly astonish one —I do not understand how you can address such language to me—

BROWN. I admit that you have made it as difficult as possible for me to say anything—but now the time has come when—

MISS BELL. I must beg you to say no more, Mr. Brown, I cannot listen to such words from you.

BROWN. You shall listen to me, Clara. For months you have tortured me by your coldness,—you have received my advances with apparent disdain, —you have tried to treat me as the least of your friends and never, by the slightest look or word acknowledged that you cared for me, but now—now you have admitted that you do care for me —that the time seems long to you when we are apart—and now I have a right—

MISS BELL. Mr. Brown, you are making a great mistake. I surely have never said anything that could lead you to suppose—

BROWN. Did you not say to my friend Hastings that it seemed an age since I was here last, and that you had been hoping I would come?

MISS BELL. I certainly said nothing of the kind and, moreover, I am not aware that I have met your friend Mr. Hastings.

BROWN. Do you mean to say that he did not call upon you on Saturday?—

MISS BELL. He did not.

BROWN. And that you did not receive the roses I sent to you.

MISS BELL. I have not received any roses.

BROWN. Then you did not invite me to this concert either.

MISS BELL. No.

BROWN, *rises, angry and perturbed but shortly controls himself.* Miss Bell, there has been some terrible misunderstanding and I beg your pardon—

MISS BELL. I am very sorry that this should have happened, Mr. Brown. *They move towards the door.*

BROWN. I would have given my right hand rather than offend you—I would have held my peace forever if I had not thought—I cannot understand it—I will bid you Good-night, Miss Bell.

MISS BELL. I will walk as far as the reception room with you, if you will allow me.

Exit.

Scene 2.

The reception room. Groups of guests all about. Enter Miss Bell ,followed by Brown in gloomy silence.

HASTINGS, (springing forward). Why, Brown, old boy, where *have* you been? Here is Miss Bell never caught a glimpse of you, all the evening!

BROWN (in bewilderment). I beg pardon, I do not understand.

HASTINGS, (dragging him along). Here is the truant, Miss Bell. Make him give a satisfactory account of himself.

MISS JULIA. But,—but Mr. Hastings,—there is surely some mistake.—I do not know this gentleman.

HASTINGS. Don't know him! Haven't you been wondering all the evening why he didn't put in an appearance?

MISS JULIA. O no,—O dear—what a dreadful mistake! Didn't you tell me Mr. Jack Brown was your room-mate?

HASTINGS. Jack Brown! No, I said Robert Brown, of course. Great Cæsar's ghost! have I been making a confounded fool of myself again?

BROWN, (with a groan). You seem to have mixed things up considerably, Dicky.

MISS BELL. We seem unwittingly to have caused a good deal of confusion, Miss Julia. I think we must take the blame upon ourselves for having names so nearly alike and beg these gentlemen to pardon us.

HASTINGS. It is I who should beg everybody's pardon for such an atwocious blundah. It's just my luck!

VOICE FROM WITHOUT. All aboard!

HASTINGS, *to Miss Julia*. I hope you will forgive me, Miss Bell, I am over-come with mortification. Have you then a friend named Brown at Harvard? I shall look him up at once and perhaps I may earn yoah pawdon by bringing him out sometime.

MISS JULIA. I hope you will.

MISS BELL, *to Brown*, (who was about to take his leave). I am very sorry if I seemed rude to you, Mr. Brown,—I—

BROWN. You were perfectly right, Miss Bell, I ought to have seen—

MISS BELL. I—I wouldn't have said so much, you know, only I was so—so very much surprised.

BROWN. Do you mean that—I am not irretrievably lost—that I may—come again some time?

MISS BELL. Yes,—some time.

Amy Augusta Whitney.

A WORDSWORTH MEMORIAL.

"And now 'tis mine, perchance for life, dear Vale,
Beloved Grasmere (let the wandering streams
Take up, the cloud-clapt-hills repeat the name)
One of thy lowly dwellings is my Home."

Those who have visited the English Lakes will remember the quaint stone cottage on the right of the coach road by which one enters Grasmere from Ambleside; this is Dove Cottage which Wordsworth first saw on his ramble through the lakes in company with Coleridge and which so attracted him that he afterwards leased it and made it his home for eight years—those eventful years in which he gave to the world an illustrious example of "plain living and high thinking."

This cottage is connected with the spring-time of his imaginative insight and hence with those great poems which placed his name among the immortals. The situation is beautiful from prospect. The garden, so often alluded to in the poems of this period, slopes upward to the wooded heights behind the house, and has suffered but little change since the poet's time.

"This plot of orchard ground is ours;
My trees they are, my sister's flowers."

Here still bloom the daffodils and primroses planted by Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy. From the terrace, approached by stone steps cut by the poet's own hands, we get a view of Grasmere vale,

"Mild
And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou art
Dear valley having in thy face a smile."

Across the lake with its "one green island and its winding shores" we see Silver How and Allan Bank (where Wordsworth wrote the Excursion; to the south is the picturesque Wyke Cottage, Red Bank with its winding pathway leading to the Langdales, and the terrace walk on Lorghrigg Fell from which the voice of the cuckoo was heard as it reverberated from Nab Scar.

"Yes it was the mountain echo
Solitary, clear, profound;
Answering to the shouting cuckoo,
Giving to her sound for sound."

On the east and north the eye ranges from Fairfield to Helvellyn and Dunmail Raise, Helm Crag (where on the terrace of Lancrigg the Prelude was composed) and Easdale merry with the noise of waters, "A universe of nature's fairest forms." Toward Rydal is the Fir Grove, where the sailor brother loved to wander, and the pool, the scene of the Leechgatherer, with the Wishing Gate and the

"Heath-clad rocks
Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes
Ever beheld."

Along the road in front of the house came the waggoner on that eventful night when the spirits upon Helm Crag seemed brewing mischief. We cannot fail to be attracted by the "fair dwellings, single or in social knots" about

the ancient St. Oswalds and its grassy church-yard, where rests the Poet who consecrated all the region,—

"No heavier thing upon his gentle breast
Than turf starred o'er with daisy eyes,
Nor richer music makes him lullabies
Than Rotha fresh from yonder mountain crest."

The house itself remains essentially as when the Wordsworth's occupied it. Each room has its sacred associations; kitchen, bedroom, library, all have been consecrated by those whom history holds dear. Hither came Coleridge, (that "noticeable man with large grey eyes") and Scott, "that wondrous potentate;" here too Southey, Dr. Quincy and Sir Geo Beaumont became welcome inmates of this mountain dwelling,—

"As happy spirits as were even seen,
If but a bird would keep them company."

What revelations could that "half kitchen and half parlor fire" give!

This is the cottage which it is proposed to purchase and preserve as a memorial, "An eternal possession of those who love English poetry, all over the world." Nothing could be more appropriate than such a memorial and in such a place. We are indebted to that large-hearted Christian teacher, the Rev. Stopford Brooke, for the inception of the movement. His pamphlet "Dove Cottage" sets forth in a most characteristic manner the origin and purpose of the enterprise.

The estate can be purchased for less than £1000 ($5,000); and while this sum could easily be raised in England among a few wealthy men, it is proposed to interest all lovers of Wordsworth by asking for small subscriptions, from twenty-five cents upwards. The contributions from America ought to be numerous. Subscriptions may be left with Prof. Hodgkins. The writer of the above will acknowledge the same and forward to the Secretary, A. J. George, Brookline, Mass.

AN OCTOBER EVENING.

Gabled roof and houses tall,
Grape-vine trellis, crumbling wall,
Golden tinted are they all,
This October evening!

And old memories, great and small,
That so often pain recall,
Golden tinted are they all,
This October evening!

Nancy K. Foster.

THE IDEAL CELLAR.

The following article is the product of the first researches of the class in Domestic Economy. We print it, feeling sure that the whole College must be interested in the subjects taken up by this class, although comparatively few are privileged to enjoy the course.

At first glance our title seems an incongruous combination, so used are we to associate with the idea of a cellar various characteristics infinitely removed from the ideal. Many a child has shivered at the thought of the dreadful place believed to be inhabited by the awful ogres of nursery tales. Later in life, the uncanny associations still clung to the mysterious underground chamber, and the timid maiden, trembling with fright, felt her precipitous way backward down the rickety stairs on the eve of Holloween to see her lover's face in the mirror held in her shaking hand. Older men and women, although often retaining a trace of indefinable dread in connection with the cellar, yet for the most part base their dislike upon very substantial grounds, for most cellars suggest the decidedly unpleasant realities of darkness, dampness, dirt.

In almost all houses not built recently, the cellar is the least attractive part of the house. It is only within comparatively modern times that the fact has been recognized that the cellar is the most important part of the house, the part to be considered first in building. To realize its importance, one must first understand its use.

It has been scientifically demonstrated that, under ordinary conditions, the cellar is the reservoir of air for the entire house. German investigators have found that when the house is heated 30 degrees higher than out of doors air, all the air in the cellar moves upward into the house, about one half of it going to the first story, one third to the second, and one fifth to the third. This fact renders it of the utmost importance that the air of the cellar, which is to be the air of the house, be pure and free from moisture. In considering the qualities of the ideal cellar, we must, therefore, study the conditions necessary for the supply of fresh, dry air.

Several windows, large and easy of access, will let into the cellar a continuous supply of fresh air and light. The ceiling should be three feet above the level of the ground, allowing ample space for windows. It is necessary not only to provide that

plenty of fresh air may enter, but also to secure against the entrance of impure air.

The danger in this direction lies in the ground air, of whose abundant presence one may be easily convinced by performing the simple experiment of pouring water into a pot of earth. The spaces between the particles of earth filled by the water were formerly occupied by air. Air circulates readily through the ground and carries noxious gases with it. To keep this dangerous ground air our of the cellar, an important requisite to the well-being of the household, impervious walls and floor are essential.

The wall, at least two feet thick, should be of solid stone or brick imbedded in mortar. The most impervious material is the best for keeping out both ground air and moisture. The walls should be white-washed with lime at least once a year, twice is better. This coat of whitewash contributes largely towards the cleanliness of the cellar, another important requirement for the purity of the air. The floor is best made of six or eight inches of closely packed clay, covered with a thin layer of asphalt, which is impermeable, and then covered with Portland cement.

If the air is to be pure, the cellar must be kept scrupulously clean. The cellar of the past, aired and cleaned only once a year, during the spring house-cleaning, could not be expected to be sanitary. It is not an exaggeration to say that it is more necessary that the cellar be kept neat and clean than the parlor. If the walls are white-washed, and the ceiling lathed and plastered, and the cellar as light as any room in the house, cleanliness becomes an easy matter.

One condition only remains to be fulfilled for the securing of pure air in the cellar. Great care must be taken as regards what is stored there. No decaying fruit or vegetables should ever be stored in the cellar. They should be kept in a separate building, or in a chamber walled off from the rest of the cellar, and having no connection with it. If the coal is kept in the cellar, it must be in a light, dry place, as far as possible removed from the traditional black dungeon of the old-fashioned mansion.

Having secured good air in the cellar, it is equally important that we take as stringent measures to insure dryness. Desease germs thrive in dampness, and innumerable cases of rheumatism and consumption received their first impetus from damp cellars. In the first place the site should be perfectly drained from ground water and surface water. Drains for ground water should be laid about two feet below the cellar bottom, having permeable collars on the joints, and communicating with a gutter or sewer with proper connection. If the rain water is not carried off by natural means, drains should be laid for this purpose.

The impermeable walls and floor which provide against the entrance of ground air are also useful in keeping out ground water. Some further precautions are advisable in the case of the walls, however. The outer edge of the wall should be vertical as well as the inner, for, if the stones are left ragged edge outward, as is frequently the case, the rain water, settling on the projecting stones, trickles into the cellar. As a further precaution, damp proof courses, consisting of a layer of asphalt, coal-tar pitch, or some other impermeable material may be placed in the walls just above the level of the ground, to prevent moisture rising up through the walls into the house. Just outside the walls a space at least eight inches wide should be filled with coarse stones or gravel, to prevent the rain water from settling along the walls. In the case of sandy soil these precautions are unnecessary, and cement or concrete furnishes a sufficiently good bottom.

In general, then, the conditions for a sanitarily perfect cellar have been discussed. It should be understood, however, that every soil has its peculiarities, and precautions quite indispensable to a clayey soil might be entirely unnecssary, occasioning needless expense in the case of a soil composed mostly of gravel.

Some people find a satisfactory means of settling the difficulties attending cellar construction by having no cellar at all. This is most commonly the case in summer houses. A ventilated air space at least two feet deep is left between the floor and the ground, and the beams of the first story are laid on stone or brick piers.

The sanitary cellar, then, is always light, dry, and clean, as pleasant and neat as any part of the house; the very antithesis in every respect of the

cold, damp, subterranean vault, that required a mustering of courage on the part of our mothers and grandmothers, when, with skirts gathered closely about them, and lantern in hand, they descended into its forbidden depths, themselves almost as frightened as the scurrying mice whose gambols they disturbed.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Rev. C. H. Oliphant, of Methuen, Mass., preached in the Chapel on Sunday, October 19. His text was from the fourth verse of the fifth chapter of second Corinthians, "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon."

* * *

Last Saturday evening, at Norumbega, Prof. Palmer gave a most enjoyable reading to the elective classes in elocution. His selections were taken from the poems of William Barnes, an English poet who died in 1886. The poems are written in the Dorsetshire dialect and their chief charm lies in the fact that they have a native quality like that of Burns. The subjects are taken for the most part from simple country life. Prof. Palmer's prefatory remark that he was an imposter since he had never heard the dialect himself, seemed incredible to those who heard the reading. His rendering of the poems was charming in its naturalness and utter lack of affectation. Those who are interested in learning more about William Barnes will find an interesting article in a recent number of the Literary World.

It is evident that reports of the enjoyment of the afternoon reception, and the singing of the Glee Club had reached their ears. Saturday evening, Oct. 18th sixteen young Seniors tripped merrily down to Waban with the intention, as one of them emphatatically remarked, of staying "more than fifteen minutes." One arrived early and, being in possession of a lorgnette and much "Senior dignity" was forthwith engaged to precede each guest into the room and, by her example, to show the latter the most approved type of greeting the hostesses, and the etching recently given to Miss Stewart. This ordeal the hostesses and the aforesaid Senior nobly sustained, but I grieve to say that the onlookers did not seem to have risen to a sense of their new responsibilities and showed a Freshman inclination to giggle. The sixteen having arrived, the hostesses increased the general merriment by starting a series in arithmetical progression, the first term being "a good fat hen," the second formed by an increase of "two ducks," etc. The frivolity was periodically checked by the appearance of a mysterious beckoning figure and the disappearance of one after another of the group, upon whom the enchantment fell. Each victim was required to pledge her sacred honor to reveal nothing that took place during her temporary detention, but I know you will not betray me, if I give a mere suggestion of the mystery. She was led into an enchanted room, her name was solemnly announced and solemnly repeated, the oath of secrecy extracted from her, and then, amid the terrors of a dim light, the odor of incense, four weird figures, and a joss-stick burning dangerously near her nose and threatening to mar her beauty, she was obliged to make various guesses in regard to numbers and dimensions of articles before her. She faintly gasped her answers, and, after being rewarded in beans according to correctness of her guess, she was led back to her companions. These perils over, all were startled by the ringing of a bell. Presently the crier entered the room followed by the auctioneer with numerous interesting relics, to be secured according to one's riches (in beans), the poverty of any being embittered by the information that if she had been brighter she might have been richer. Then ensued a lively scene, the auction being conducted by one of '91's chroniclers. Excitement ran high and money, or rather bean, lenders became numerous. Some of the articles sold were three prunes calculated to enhance "Senior dignity," (the "prisms" lacking, but for lessons in pronunciation apply to '91's corresponding secretary); the head and handle of the identical hammer ("As the head is to the hammer," etc.); a page from a '91 notebook to be sold for a fabulous sum to '92; the plan of the second floor of a house, found on the evening of May 30th 1890; and the hostess's favorite poem, entitled "Popsy Wopsy." The auction being closed, the guests partook of the hostess's hospitality and departed, all in high glee that they had postponed their visit until evening.

* * *

On Monday evening, Oct. 20, Dr. Lysander Dickerman the well-known Egyptian scholar, gave a lecture in the College Chapel upon "Israel in Egypt." It was an illustrated lecture and exceedingly interesting. The views which were thrown upon the screen were very fine and gave a vivid impression of the scenes and events described in the lecture. Dr. Dickerman showed that the Egyptian land itself told the story of Israel's sojourn. Upon many of the old tombs and monuments her history and her sufferings are vividly pictured, and thus are established strong proofs of the authenticity of the Bible account. In early times Egypt was ruled by the Shepherd kings, whose origin is not known. In vast hordes a nomadic tribe wandered into northern Egypt, and made settlements there, penetrating as far south as Memphis. For many years the tribe was ruled by

several petty kings, but gradually it became concentrated into one nation under one king, and adopted Egyptian customs and ideas. It is believed by some authorities that the Pharaoh of Joseph's times was one of these foreign usurpers, and that he may have been even of Hebrew origin. There are many reasons for supposing that Israel's greatest oppression and hardship occurred during the reign of Rameses II. of the nineteenth dynasty. This theory is consistent with what we know of the despotic character of the king, with his long reign, which extended over forty years, and with inscriptions upon some of the Egyptian monuments. The Exodus took place under the reign of his son. Dr. Dickerman then told the marvellous story of the life of Israel's leader. He spoke of his youth in the court of the king, of his princely education and accomplishments and of his flight into the valley of Midian where he received the command of Jehovah to free his chosen people from bondage. The story of his struggle with Pharaoh and his triumphant departure with his people from the "land of bondage" was vividly described. Only one other event has had an equal influence upon the history of the world. The Exodus was the beginning of a new life. It was not only Israel's Exodus, it was our Exodus. There were three routes out from the land of Egypt into Syria, a northern, a southern, and a central one. Moses gathered his people at Goshen before their departure, and, in all probability, left the land of their oppression by the northern route. This was called the way of the Philistines and was the natural road from Egypt to Syria. The sites of ancient Rameses and Etham have been identified in the valley through which this road passes. The lecturer endeavored to trace the influence which the Egyptian oppression had upon the character of the Israelites. Before they left their own land for a land that proved such a hard task-mistress for them, they were a rude, uncultivated people, living a wandering, nomadic life. Egyptian customs certainly had a great influence upon their character and upon their habits of life. Many of the religious customs of the Jews derive their origin from Egyptian sources. The dress and ceremonies, the classification of Priests and Levites, and many religious laws and services bear close resemblance to the Egyptian. The tabernacle and temple were built according to the Egyptian model, with an inner court, an outer court, and the Holy of Holies. An ark closely resembling in outward appearance the ark of the Israelites was worshipped in Egypt. The Urim and Thummim are analogous to the emblems of light and truth worn upon the breastplates of the Egyptian priests. The serpent is found in Egypt with the same significance, a symbol of healing power, as among the Hebrews. In the wonderful history of Israel, Moses is the crowning figure. His princely education gave him the power and ability to employ his natural gifts in the best way for the deliverance of his people. He was their leader, their law-giver, and their prophet. He connected the worship of a spiritual god with a moral life. He lived for the interests of his people, and identified himself with them. Throughout his life he displayed entire forgetfulness of self, and strict observance of the will of Jehovah. The history of the Hebrew race is one symmetrical whole. It is like a grand symphony, and God is the ruler and the leading spirit. It is the key to all history, enabling one to see the presence of Jehovah in all the crises and perils that come upon a nation. History is an interesting and ennobling study, but it should be read in the light of the old Hebrew story. This lecture was the first of a course which is to be given to the students on subjects taken from Old Testament history. It was an exceedingly enjoyable lecture, and Dr. Dickerman may be sure of an enthusiastic welcome when he again comes to Wellesley.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Dr. G. N. Boynton, of Boston, will preach in the Chapel, on Sunday, November 2nd.

Professor and Mrs. Palmer spent last Sunday at Norumbega.

Mrs. Palmer spoke to the Seniors, Sunday evening, on the Chapel platform.

Miss Mary Barrows, '90, spent Sunday at Norumbega.

Tuesday, Oct. 14th, was Miss Lucia Clark's birthday, and the Simpson girls presented her with a copy of the new edition of "Romola," in two illustrated volumes,

Miss Anne Bosworth, '90, spent Sunday at College Hall, with Miss Mabel Frost,

Miss Peck, '90, was at Wellesley for several days last week.

The Senior Class have presented their Junior President, Miss Stewart, with an etching, "On the Cliffs," by Field.

The Shakespeare Society will hold its next meeting on Saturday evening, October 25th.

The regular meeting of the Zeta Alpha will be held on Saturday evening next.

At the Phi Sigma meeting on Saturday, Oct. 18, Miss Dresser, '90, was elected president of the society. Miss Peck and Miss Bosworth, of '90, were present at the meeting.

LAST week Miss Parker, '91, president of the Chapel Fund Association, addressed the Freshmen, explaining to them the work of the Association, and requesting them to elect a committee to help carry on its work. The officers for the year are, Miss Parker, '91, president; Miss Eleanor Green, '92, secretary, and Miss Hubbard, Sp., treasurer. The committee from '91 remains unchanged, and the committees from the other classes have been re-elected this year. They are as follows:—Miss Parker, Miss Mothershead and Miss Blakeslee, of '91; Miss Green, Miss McCaulley and Miss Stimson, of '92: Miss Hubbard, Miss Osgood and Miss Evans, of the Special organization; Miss Bock, Miss Rosa and Miss Hayward, of '90; Miss Whipple, Miss Howe and Miss Lincoln, of '93; Miss Foss, Miss Adelaide Miller and Miss Anger, of '94; and Miss Colby of '95.

THERE is a rumor afloat, among the Juniors, that Sylvanus Thompson, who was so kindly presented to them by '91, has almost reached his end. In other words, it is affirmed that he has been actually chopped in two. Sylvanus has not been chopped in two. He is as whole as ever, and able to guide and inspire '92 as effectually as he did '91.

MISS Margarita Spaulding, and Miss Wrenn, of '91, are at home attending weddings. Miss S. M. Taylor, '91, Miss Stimson of '92 went home last week for the same reason.

MISS George is to take Miss Coman's place in the School of Art. She will be at the Art Building on Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday mornings.

MISS Noyes was unable to attend some of her classes in Logic, Saturday, and asked Miss Alice Emerson, '92, to take her place. Miss Emerson consented to take charge of the classes, and gave abundant proof of her ability in teaching.

MISS Mary Winston, '89, spent last Sunday with Miss Bowman, at College Hall.

MISS Anna Pickens, formerly of '91, spent Sunday with Miss Perrine, '91, at Freeman.

LAST Sunday evening, the Bible classes of Miss Coman and Miss Scudder met together at Wood Cottage. Prof. Palmer read to them selections from George Herbert, and told them about his life and character. After the reading, Miss Scudder and Miss Coman told the girls of their plans in regard to the prayer meetings for the coming year. An added interest and enthusiasm is felt by all for the meetings, and they promise to be well attended.

THE tennis record for the past week stands as follows;—

Miss Wilkinson defeated Miss Winslow; -	6—2, 6—4
Miss Carter defeated Miss Boltwood; -	6—3, 6—3
Miss Carter defeated Miss Parker; -	6—1, 6—2
Miss Moore and Miss Vail defeated Miss White and Miss Brush; -	6—3, 7—5

As the finals draw near, and the best players are called to the front, the games are watched with increasing interest. It is impossible to predict who are to be the winners of the prizes, and this fact makes the tournament doubly interesting.

THE Simpson Kodak has been making sad havoc among the Sophomores, of late. All who dare venture into the neighborhood of Simpson, are caught in the trap. The results, are as a rule, successful, and the Kodak makes a great deal of fun,

A FINER day than Monday, Oct. 4th, could not have been selected. So thought Miss Kendall, Miss Hawes, and the fifty girls who started with them to view the old historic ground of Concord and Lexington. And, as perfect as the day, was everything connected with the trip. The first stopping-place was Waldew Pond, by which Henry Thoreau built his hut of stones. In Concord, the party visited the library, where one of the chief features of interest was the original manuscript of a part of Little Women; then the Old Manse; the Battle Ground, which seemed almost like holy ground; the old cemetery; and Sleepy Hollow, where Emerson, Hauthorne, Thoreau, and Louise Alcott all rest near one another. After enjoying a luncheon at Wright's Tavern, when things disappeared in a marvellously short time, the party drove on, past Emerson's home, to the Hawthorne and Alcott houses. By the kindness of the present occupants, they were allowed to go through both places. They saw Amy's drawings on the door of her room, and the stairs where the March children played Pilgrim's Progress. They sat in Hawthorne's old arm-chair, climbed up to his attic study, and entered the School of Philosophy. Driving along the road where our fore-fathers marched one hundred and fifteen years ago, they came to Lexington Common, with its monuments of valor. In the Lexington Library, that which was perhaps of the greatest interest, was Paul Revere's Lantern. From Lexington, the party started for home, passing the Waltham watch-factory just as the bell rang for closing, and in time to see the hundreds of employees pour out. They reached Wellesley at about half-past seven, a little tired, but delighted with the day's excursion.

THOSE members of the College who have visited the village lately, have probably noticed a marked improvement in the land back of the station. What used to be bare fields run to waste, is now a little park,—a park on a very small scale, it is true, but still a park. Grass has been grown there, and tar walks laid out, and visitors to Wellesley may now gain a first impression more worthy of what is to come after. This is but a natural consequence of having a new station, and may serve to impress upon '92, what they have been told so often, that "this is an age of progress."

THE few remaining members of the class of '90 gave a charming dinner at Norumbega, last Saturday evening. There were twenty-two in all, and among the guests were numbered Miss Peck, Miss Wallace, Miss Bosworth and Miss Barrows of '90.

THE first lecture of the series on Physical Geography, will be given by Professor Niles, in the Chapel, on Wednesday, October 29th.

PROFESSOR William R. Harper, of Yale University, is to deliver a series of lectures on "Old Testament prophecy," the first of which will be given on Tuesday, October 28th.

THE first lecture in the course on "Romance Mediæval Literature" will be introductory. "The domain of the Romance Languages, and the general literary achievements of the Romance nations during the Middle Ages." Professor Cohn; October 25th.

The lectures are to be given in the Chapel at four o'clock, on successive Saturday afternoons. The subjects for the others are as follows:—

II. French Literature, 1. Chansons de geste, and Poems on Antiquity. Mlle. Pellissier; Nov. 8th.

III. French Literature, 2. Romances of the Round Table. Mlle. Pellissier; Nov. 8th.

IV. French Literature, 3. The "Roman de la Rose," and the "Roman de Reuart." Mlle. Pellissier; Nov, 15th.

V. Provencal Literature. The Troubadours. Prof. Cohn; Nov. 22nd.

VI. General view of Mediæval Italian Literature. Prof. Cohn; Nov. 29th.

VII. Italian Mediæval Literature. Dante. Prof. Cohn; Dec. 6th.

VIII, General view of Mediæval Spanish Literature. Prof. Cohn; Dec. 13th.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

BORN.

AT Memphis, Tenn., May 30, a daughter, Adair, to Mrs. Maude Stowe McDowel, special student at Wellesley '86-'88.

AT Worcester, Mass., June 24, a son, Ralph, to Mrs. Charlotte Farnsworth Little.

MARRIED.

STERLING-BREWER.—At Chatanooga, Tenn., Sept. 4, Harriot Brewer, '85, to Guy Sterling. At home in North Ya kima, Washington.

SINGLETON-CONDICT.—At Dover, N. J., Sept. 25, Abigail B. Condict to George Singleton.

RICHMOND-ROSS.— In St. John, N. B., July 21, Amanda Ross, student at Wellesley '87-'90, to Walter Richmond of Providence, R. I.

MORRIS-SWIFT.—In Chicago, Ill., Oct., 1, Helen Swift, student at Wellesley '88-'89, to Edward Morris.

SIEBERT-WOODCOCK.—At Altoona, Penn., Sept. 18, Gertrude A. Woodcock, '85, to Robert S. Siebert.

SHATTUCK-CLEMENTS.—At Wellesley, Mass., Aug. 21, Emma Clements, student at Wellesley '86-'87, to Frank Walton Shattuck.

DIED.

SEARING.—At Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 29, May Ellis Searing, '85.

MONTAGUE.—At Colorado Springs, Colo., Mrs. Mattie Cogswell Montague, student at the College '75-'76 and '77-'78.

NEW POSITIONS FOR YEAR 1890-91.

MISS Mabel Butman, '87, teacher of mathematics in Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.

MISS Flora A. Crouch, '84, teacher of German and English in the High School at Austin, Ill.

MISS Julia Ellis, '84, Atlanta University, Atlanta, Ga.

MISS Elsie Dwyer, '84, Montclair High School, Montclair, N. J.

MISS Carrie L. Emerson, '88, High School, Middletown, Conn.

MISS Mary McMartin, '84, School of Music, No. 1961 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

MISS Jeanie McMartin, governess at No. 52 E. 56th St New York.

MISS Mary E. Noble, Collegiate Institute, Salt Lake City, Utah.

MISS Harriet A. Peale, '84, teacher of History and Literature at St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J.

MISS Clara B. Potwin, St. Paul's School, Garden City, L. I.

MISS Gertrude L. Tinker, '88, Haverford College, Pa.

Miss Jeannie S. Adams, '87, is studying in the Medical College at Philadelphia. Miss Harriet A. Rice, of the same class, is studying at the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary.

Miss Christine Karslake, '90, is teaching in the Marion Collegiate Institute, Marion, N. Y.

Miss Bessie Ballord, '87, expects to spend the coming year in travel in Europe. Miss Jennie Storms, also of '87, will spend the year in Germany.

Miss Charlotte Westcott, '87, is teaching in Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pa. Another Wellesley graduate is teaching in the same institution, Miss Rebecca Forsman, '84.

Miss Edith Harris, '87, is practicing medicine in Bellefonte, Pa.

Miss Edith Wilkinson, '88, is teaching in the Hyde Park High School, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Helen J. Sanborn, '84, spent Sunday, Oct. 12, at Wellesley.

Mrs. Rebekah Boyd Hensel, '89, writes that she is now "at home" in Hartford, Conn., at No. 23 Seyms Street, corner of East, and that her latch string is out for all Wellesley girls.

The following members of the clase of '87 have positions as teachers in the places named:—

Miss A. I. Adgate, East Hardwick, Vt.

Miss Catherine Burrowes, Darlington Seminary, West Chester, Pa.

Miss Sarah H. Conant, Northfield Seminary, Northfield, Mass.

Miss Annie M. Cordley, Paterson, N. J.

Miss Carrie S. Crocker, Harcourt Place Seminary, Gambier, Ohio.

Miss A. F. Day, Hornellsville, N. Y.

Miss Adelaide Denis, private school, Kansas City, Mo.

Miss Alice E. Dixon, Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.

Miss Eugenia Gilman, Flushing, N. Y.

Miss Sarah V. Lowther, Stamford, Conn.

Miss Elizabeth H. Palmer, Wheaton Seminary, Norton, Mass.

Miss Mary E. Parker, Gardner, Mass.

Miss Mary Searle, Home School, Natick, Mass.

Miss Mary Southworth, Hardy Hall, Duluth, Minn.

Miss Carrie F. Spencer, Harcourt Place Seminary, Gambier, Ohio.

Miss Edith True, private teaching in Boston and Wellesley.

Miss Mabel Wing, High School, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Miss E. T, Wormsley, Miss Gilman's School, Boston, Mass.

Miss Fannie Woods, State Normal school, Providence, R. I.

WABAN RIPPLES.

Student of Psychology (recitng): The sensibilities are most largely developed in the tip of the tongue.

Instructor: What is the general rule?

Student: The sensibility is greatest where the action is greatest.

Sophomore (who has done some work in China painting): See how beautifully I have mended my plate. You know it was broken in firing.

Roommate: At whom?

Said of Chronic Contradictor.

Junior: Look at Blanche—you can fairly see her think.

Sara Castic: She thinks she's thinking thoughts, but I guess she's thinking "*nots*."

A Point for Speaker Reed.

At a meeting of Wellesley alumnae held recently for the formation of a branch association, the question of a quorum came up for discussion. One member suggested that it consist of three quarters of all the members, present; another, that all the members present constitute a quorum; whereupon a third member exclaimed, "*Let the quorum be three quarters of all the members present!*"

Paraphrase of Love Scene from Recent Novel.

There was an impertinent Mr.
Who loved a young maid; and he Kr.;
But she said, "Sir, you ought not,
I thought I was sought not,
I ne'er can be more than a Sr.

A statement comes from the Domestic department to the effect that all students who leave wraps or books at the feet of Diana must expect to follow her occupation.

(This little effusion is so pathetic in its way, that we half hesitate in allowing it to ripple with the rest.)

The Village Maiden's Comfort.

The leaves are leaving the trees,
And the wind is winding up;
So we'll go home and take some tay,
For seemly it seems that we sup.

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